

Vav to the Rescue

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Summary: Oh sure, "Mario Kart". Is that what the kids are calling it now? Gavin Free/Meg Turney, Michael Jones/Lindsay Jones.

Vav to the Rescue

"Oh no, my purse has been stolen," the red-haired civilian cried out. "If only I had a _strapping _hero to save the day."

"Did someone say they needed a hero?" The civilian looked up and watched as a caped figure clad in blue spandex leaped forth, puffing out his chest with pride.

"Oh my stars, it's Vav," the civilian said, recognizing his distinctive accent and charming looks.

"Indeed, madam," Vav responded. "May I ask your name?"

"Of course," the civilian said, blushing. "It's Megan. Megan Turney. But you can call me Meg."

Vav smiled at her. "Well Meg, I'm confident that I'll be able to return your purse to you post-haste."

Meg found herself unable to speak, now that she was in the company of this handsome man, this British angel. Her heart leapt from her chest, and she felt her face grow hot.

She opted to touch his arm, casually, keeping eye contact with Vav. "Couldâ€¦ could you hold me in your arms?"

Again Vav obliged, with that charming smirk of his. Meg fell into his arms, feeling where the uniform seemed snug on his body. Her hands grasped his back, sliding down his spineâ€¦ downâ€¦ downâ€¦ There. She squeezed, and he chuckled.

"How else may I help you, miss?" Vav purred in her ear.

Meg paused for a second, as she took in his slightly sped-up heart rate. "Make love to me, Vav." She relaxed as Vav unzipped her jacket slowly, until finally her bare breasts were exposed. Meg slid her arms free of the article of clothing and let it drop to the floor. It wouldn't be necessary anymore.

Vav leaned in - her heart rate was rising now - and the next second, their lips were locked. Her tongue danced with his, her heat melded with his. She could taste a faint minty-ness reminiscent of chewing gum, mixed in with the distant aftertaste of well-aged whiskey. And was that a hint of morning tea she detected?

He was sophisticated. He was noble.

He was hers, and she sought to unwrap him.

The clothes started flying off faster. Her boots were tossed beside the bed. Her tight red skirt slid down her thighs with ease. His cape fell to the floor, and his costume Meg unzipped in seconds.

They stood together, staring into each other's eyes. Their skin gleamed in the soft moonlight.

Abruptly, the nearby door opened and a couple emerged, consumed in their deep kissing. The man wore a bare-skin atop his head and was somewhat muscular, the woman sported a disheveled-looking purple wig that belied deep red hair and a partially stained lab coat.

"My friends, Mogar and Hilda," Vav explained. "Might they join us?"

Meg smiled, nodding. "I'd love that."

After a moment to strip free of their clothes, the four fell onto the bed, straddling one another, wetness and heat abounding. Meg felt a rush as Vav's member penetrated her, gripped him with all her strength as he calmly, carefully, and precisely thrust. Once, twice she let slip a moan, her passion overcoming her desire for modesty.

"Here," she heard Mogar growl, "take squid."

Meg held out her arm, waiting as puckered limbs began to squeeze her wrist. She brought the pink, tentacled mass between herself and Vav, allowing it to freely roam while she pressed her lips against Vav's.

Within moments the squid's limbs found their way inside, tickling her inner walls such that she began to giggle just as Vav kissed down her neck, her collarbone, her breasts.

"Enjoying yourself?" Vav asked breathlessly.

Meg grinned, giddy with sexual energy. "Incredibly so, yes. But there's one thing I'd change"

Before another word could be said Meg slid free of the squid and climbed atop Vav. Her hands roamed free once more, dragging against his thick chest hair. Meg made sure to kiss his pecs, then his

stomach, continuing down to his pelvis. Her mouth salivating with anticipation, Meg caught the tip of his penis on her lips, and slowly - methodically - slid up and down the shaft.

A flick of the tongue now and then, and Meg could see spasms of pleasure on his face. She sucked faster, his member becoming slick with saliva and - she could taste it now - pre-cum.

In the corner of her eye she saw Mogar and Hilda engaged in their own ritual. Mogar had in his mouth the handle of a whisk, twisting it with his tongue and mouth muscles as the other end pushed back and forth inside Hilda. Meg could sense the arousal - she felt her own lower body aching to be filled.

It was time. Meg once more climbed up onto Vav, guiding his member around and down untilâ€¦ yes, that's it.

She started slow, rocking atop his front as he thrust upward into her. Her muscles tightened, her breath grew faster, she was riding faster. They were one, back and forth in unison, yearning to come with all their might.

Closer, closer. Meg felt him heating up. She gripped him and kissed him with all her might, before letting loose a sigh.

"Yes...YES! AHH!" She shook from the sheer orgasmic force, regaining her composure as she felt Vav finish inside her. His seed spilled forth, and she smiled. Vav was starting to breathe slower, and as she caught the admiring look in his eyes Meg remembered what it felt like to fall into the passionate warmth that is love.

"I love you, Meg Turney," he spoke.

Meg felt a wave of affection wash over her, a smile creeping up like it was second nature. "And I love you, Gavin Free."

* * *

><p>The two couples lay together as the morning's light shone through the room's lone window. Meg cringed a bit as a ray of light struck her face, nuzzling further into Gavin's arm for comfort. "What time is it, Gav?"<p>

Her love, her Gavin, leaned over to check the nearby alarm clock. "Quarter past eight."

"Ugh," she heard Michael moan from beneath a pillow, "we're gonna be late, boi."

"Hey Lindsay," Meg murmured as she watched the Joneses collect their things. "I think your wig came loose last night."

Lindsay gave her an exasperated look. "Shit, really? I was channeling Hilda so well."

"Ah, I wouldn't worry about it," Michael reassured her. "It's only gonna be on for, like, five minutes, right?"

Meg, feeling content, relaxed as Gavin wrapped his arms round her. "How was last night for you, my love crumpet?" he whispered.

"Love crumpet?" Meg asked, in amusement. "God, you're adorable. Last night was great, love."

Gav smiled and Meg knew she was safe. Loved. Home.

Then a thought crossed her mind, and she called out to Michael and Lindsay, "Hey guys. Screwdriver and mints next time?"

End
file.